Nim. I must do as I may, tho patience be a tired mare,
Yet sheel plod, and some say knives haue edges,
And men may sleepe and haue their throates about them
At that time, and there's the humor of it.

Bar. Come ifaith, Ile bestow a breakfast to make *Pistoll* and thee friends. What a plague should we carry knives to cut our owne throates.

Nim. Ifaith ile liue as long as I may, that's the certaine of it. And when I cannot liue any longer, Ile do as I may,
And there's my rest, and the randeuous of it.

Enter Pistoll, and Hostes Quickly his wife.

Bar. Good morrow ancient *Pistoll*.
heere comes ancient *Pistoll*, I prethee *Nim* be quiet.

Nim. How do you my host?

Pist. Base slaue, callest thou me host?
Now by gads lugges I sweare, I scorne the title,
Nor shall my *Nell* keepe lodging.

Host. No by my troth not I,
For we cannot bed nor boord halfe a score gentlewomen
That liue honestly by the pricke of their needle,
But it is thought straight we keepe a bawdy-house.
O Lord, heere's Corporall *Nim*, now shall
We haue wilfull adultery and murther committed:
Good Corporall *Nim* shew the valour of a man,
And put vp your sword. *Nim.* Push.

Pist. What, dost thou push, thou prickeard cur of Iseland

Nim. Will you shog off? I would haue you solus.

Pist. Solus, egregious dog, that solus in thy throate,
And in thy lungs, and which is worse, within
Thy mesfull mouth, I do retort that solus
In thy bowels, and in thy law perdie; for I can talke,
And *Pistols* flashing fiery cocke is vp.

Nim. I am not *Barbason*, you cannot coniure me;
I haue an humor *Pistoll* to knocke you indifferently well,
And you fall foule with me *Pistoll*,
Ile scoure you with my Rapier in faire tearmes.

If you will walke o
Ile pricke your guts
And there's the hum
Pist. O braggard
The graue doth gap
Therefore exall.
Bar. Heare me, he
Ile kill him, as I am a
Pist. An oath of mi
Nim. Ile cut your t
In faire termes: and
Pist. Couple gorg
A damned hound, thi
No, to the powderin
Fetch foorth the laza
Doll Tear-sheete, sh
I haue, and I will hol
For the onely she and

Boy. Hostes, you m
And you host *Pistoll*.
Good *Bardolfe* put th
And do the office of a
Host. By my troth h
these dayes.
Ile go to him, husban
Bar. Come *Pistoll* b
Nim, prethee be frien
Be enemies with me t
Ni. I shal haue my ei
Pist. Base is the slau
Ni. That now I will
Pist. As manhood sh
Bar. He that strikes t
Ile kill him by this sw
Pi. Sword is an oath,

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